

Bitter Sweet

\$1.50

Vol. Eight, No. One

November, 1984



Cattle in Westbrook by Dalmar McPherson

Family Dairy Farms in Maine
Belted Galloway Cattle in New Hampshire
A Carver of Cigar Store Indians
Ruth & Bob Morrell's Heritage



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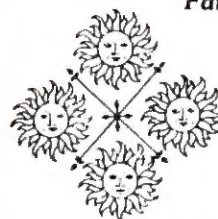
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and things to see all over
the northcountry. On
this page you will find
just a few of them.

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ERRATA

A copy of the June 1984 issue of BitterSweet has come to my attention. In the article about Longfellow there are several errors which, for the record, should be corrected.

The picture on page 16 is definitely not the Wadsworth farm in Hiram. A view of Wadsworth Hall in Hiram, taken from this angle, would show two chimneys, not one, and six windows on the front side, first floor, not four.

The picture on page 17 looks very much to me like the Wadsworth farm in Hiram. The picture is labeled Longfellow farm, Gorham.

On page 18 it is stated that Wadsworth Hall was built in 1814. It was built in 1800 and General Wadsworth moved there from Portland in 1807 when he turned his Portland house over to his daughter, Zilpha.

On page 19 there is a reference to "Uncle Peleg, Jr. higher up on the mountain." Peleg, Jr. lived at Wadsworth Hall. The house higher up on the mountain was built for the General's son, Charles Lee Wadsworth.

With this many errors regarding the Wadsworths, one wonders how factual the story is in regard to the Longfellow.

Robert M. Pike
Dallas, Texas

Ed. Note: We appreciate that research on the obscure past is difficult to pin down. Thank you for the corrections. The pictures were inadvertently switched in printing.

I was quite disturbed when I read Ms. Davis' story, "On Lake Christopher," in the September issue of BitterSweet.

She mentioned "Rodger's Hall." July 14, 1960, Gov. John H. Reed dedicated the Hall as "Roger's Hall."

Also, Gorman families lived on Gorman Hill, Greenwood. The name was not Gorman. In BitterSweet, February 1980, Ms. Marcotte also called the hill Gorman. Perhaps the Gormans and Rogers were Gormans and Rodgers when they came to America but when they came to Woodstock and Greenwood they were Gormans and Rogers. Several Gormans lived in Woodstock. I think that the Greenwood Historians will agree with me that our "Place Names" should not be changed.

Ms. Davis also had read Dr. Gallison's old book, "Old Times in Woodstock." If Ms. Davis will check the articles printed in the Norway Advertiser 1899-1900, she will learn that he dictated the articles to a stenographer. He was very ill and remarked that he



wished that someone would put them together in a book. One of my friends privately published the book in 1976.

*A concerned Member of the
Woodstock Historical Society*

Ed. Note: Thank you for your concern. The spelling of "Gorham" was in the school's literature, we believe. "Rodgers" may have been a mistaken spelling; both are common. Mrs. Davis lives in Saco, so probably never saw the Advertiser, but we appreciate the chance to set the record straight.

APPRECIATION

I feel I must write my appreciation for the wonderful articles and pictures in the June '84 issue. I just bought a second copy for my daughter, so that she may have one to save. Jack Barnes' "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: A Poet's Childhood" is one of the best written so far, that I have read, and is worth the price of the magazine alone. I especially enjoyed "Windham in the 19th Century" as I live in So. Windham, too. Really, a \$3.95 paperback novel never could give the cover-to-cover reading you are providing.

Eleanor Homan
So. Windham, ME

BITTERSWEET

In a thicket by a wooded stream
The sunset casts a golden beam
Revealing to me the climbing vines
Of bitter-sweet ascending young pines.

From capsules of orange and gold
Burst forth the seeds of scarlet bold
Reminding lovers who chance to meet
That life is both bitter and sweet.

Jack C. Barnes
Hiram, ME

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Cover: Cattle In Westbrook. Photo by Dalmar McPherson of
Gorham, Maine.



BitterSweet Views

The Good Guys

There is a Cable-TV network which plays hours of old programming. If you sit up late, you can puzzle over bizarre old *You Bet Your Life* shows with Groucho Marx, or laugh at the still-original *Burns and Allen*

comedy. And remember *Love That Bob* or *The Life of Riley*?

We've had a television set since I was about four years old, and I grew up with Pinky Lee, Uncle Miltie, and Ed Sullivan. Every week, the whole family cried over *Father Knows Best* (he didn't) and laughed at *Ozzie and Harriet* (he didn't, either). And what would Sunday night have been without *Disney* and *Bonanza*?

Television used to be much more of a family affair than it is today, I think. The whole family probably can't enjoy rock videos, twenty-four-hour sports or He-man cartoons.

Other people have already decried the violence and mindlessness of so much of television today. I'm not going to do that, partly because I think we all know it, but also because I believe there are things worth watching. Nickelodeon's *You Can't Do That On Television* contains some innovative material for and by children. *Newhart* is often right-to-the-point and pointed; so is *Kate and Allie*. *Simon and Simon* can be witty. *After MASH* is pleasing for its nostalgia and reality humor—it isn't *MASH*, but I don't require it to be. And we've enjoyed *Hill Street Blues*, *Cheers* and *Masterpiece Theatre* for a while.

There are things we miss: *Lucy*, for one (but there are always reruns). *Sesame Street* is nice, but don't you think the children of today are missing the gentle love and humor of *Captain Kangaroo* and Mr. Green Jeans? Still, we do have *Bill Cosby* back, in his best role yet.

Television has been abused and over-used. Children go to school with an attention span of about three minutes, then they want a commercial. And all their imagination can bring forth is someone else's images from the t.v. screen.

That's not all television's fault, of course. Parents and grandparents need to monitor television-watching. Sometimes it should be turned off for reading a book or going for a walk. But television is not all bad.

If you are interested in the world, you can learn a lot about it—from China to Hawaii to Greece. If you are a student of film or theatre, as I am, you can enjoy old and new offerings at home. If Science is your bailiwick, television offers *Nova* or *Mr. Wizard*. It takes conscious choice, as do all things in life.

Page 4 . . .



Photo by Ronald Hovey Jones

ZEBRA TREES

Morning trees
storm driven white,
zebras poised for flight,
run in the sun
to Kilimanjaro
in November
sensibility.

JoAnne Zywna Kerr
Weld, ME

AUTUMN HITS HARD

Autumn hits hard—
the natural opulence of Green Mountains
bursts into flames; a last flash
of elegance,
before Winter's ultimate conquest.
The harvest Moon follows you down
damp, frosted, blacktop roads.
Soon all will lie barren, exposed
to the raw cold of Vermont November,
(to March, plus!)
to vast expanses of drifting white,
to Winter; the golden candle flames
blown out.

Edward R. Morgan
East Longmeadow, MA

... BitterSweet Views

Still, my sense of nostalgia leads me to wish for some of the lessons learned from television shows of my youth—mostly on the "horse" shows I watched with my grandfather (*Fury*, *My Friend Flicka*, and *Sky King*.) Remember how *Roy Rogers* and *Dale Evans* always rode around the same rocks to the same cabin to get similar bad guys, week after week? We didn't care; that was reassuring! A whole generation of idealists learned from the books, films, and television of our youth that GOOD could triumph over EVIL—and that was important.

Well, on Saturdays and Sundays, the afore-mentioned cable network offers a treasure trove of old B-movies and western shows like *Laredo*, *Wyatt Earp* and *Wagon Train*. Old-time cowboys such as Joel McCrea, Gene Autry, Roy Rogers (and the Sons of the Pioneers) protect people while singing and riding and roping. Ma gets to keep the ranch, Daddy's gold claim is vin-

dicated, the children are saved, week after week.

I know it's not real, but if I have time, I watch an occasional show with my children. It's nice to think the good guys can still win.

Nancy Marcotte

PARTRIDGE-BERRY TIME

I go to hunt the berries
So beautiful and red.
I go to beat the Partridge—
Often find him in a bed.
By Nature's Way he is so smart—
With beak he pecks and finds
The lovely bright red jewels
Hidden underneath the vines.
They're named for him—
Of course he's first!
(But knowing this
Just whets my thirst.)
I also get the fever strong
And search the woods like I belong.
—It's not just berries;
It's like a fling
Of sweet woods' pleasures
To keep 'til Spring.

Christina F. B. Rowden
Bridgton, ME

A Maker of Cigar Store Indians

Woodcarver Ed Boggis of Claremont, New Hampshire

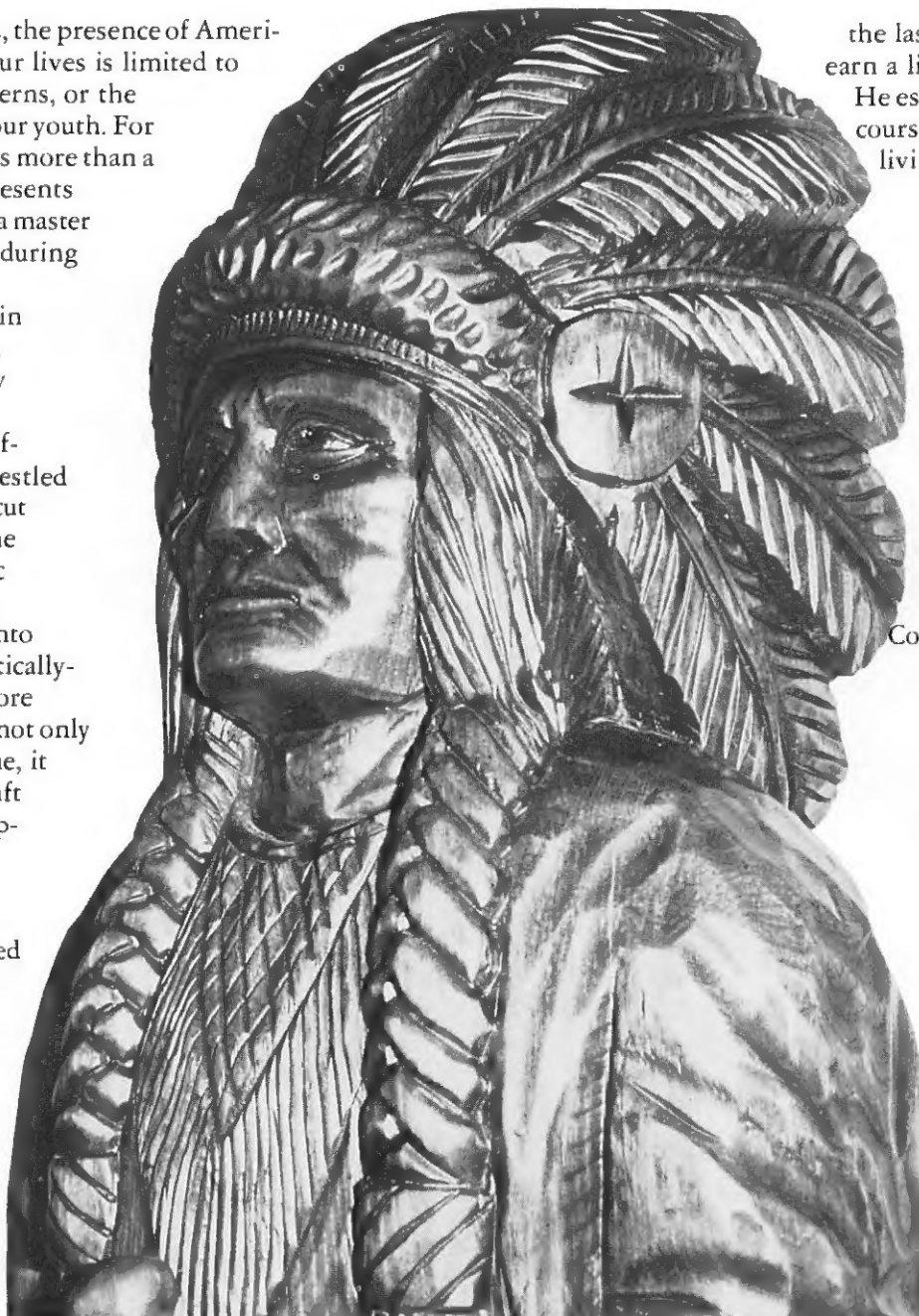
by Phyllis Muzeroll

For most of us, the presence of American Indians in our lives is limited to books, old Westerns, or the imagination of our youth. For Ed Boggis, such is more than a memory; it represents the steadiness of a master woodcarver's enduring profession.

Tucked away in his workshop in Claremont, New Hampshire—a community of fifteen thousand nestled in the Connecticut River Valley—he works the magic that transforms pieces of trees into six-foot, authentically-detailed cigar store Indians. His art not only means an income, it keeps alive a craft that all but disappeared in the early 1900's.

A few other artisans sprinkled across the land also turn out these prized sculptures, according to Boggis.

"I'm not the last Indian carver," he says, "but I'm probably



the last doing it fulltime to earn a living."

He estimates that, over the course of his sixty years of living, he has turned out

a tribe or two.

Sales through Abercrombie & Fitch in the '70's helped to distribute his work across the United

States, and to England and West Germany as well.

His eight-footer found a home in the gallery of the American Tobacco Company in New York.

Today, his pieces are sought as collectors'

items, often by professionals in the entertainment and interior design fields.

"In their heyday,"

Boggis explains, "there were more women cigar store Indians than men.

Myself, I do mostly men. But if customers have a specific choice, I'll deliver what they want."

From buckskin clothing to full tobacco-leaf

headaddresses, his Indians reproduce the complete image of their wooden ancestors. They range from three to six feet tall, but are not carved from logs as was done a century ago.

"Logs tend to split too much when they dry. So I glue several thick boards together to make the approximate diameter. Then I start carving. Occasionally, cracks appear, but these enhance the finished piece; they're no threat to its holding up."

Each sculpture gets a base coat of sealer and then is hand painted with oil-base paints by Ed's wife Irene. She uses vibrant blues, reds, and greens to highlight the accurate detail. Skin tones are rich mahogany.

Boggis accepts orders to carve just about anything, from small animals to full-size sea captains and other personalities. Antiqued rocking horses and signboards averaging

six-by-ten feet for farms and businesses throughout the Northeast materialize under his expertise.

These projects are his bread and butter, his dependable source of revenue, and he always has something in the works. But the blessing is mixed.

With a soft chuckle, he says, "Some times I resent all this extra work. It interferes," he continues with a glance toward an unfinished Indian, "with my first love."

And why Indians?

His reply is remarkably simple.

"They're nice to do, an unusual thing of beauty." The answer obviously lies in his soul.

Boggis picks up a tool. Pale, curved chips fly as chisel and wood connect under his steady rhythm. A dull melody of sorts accompanies the motion, music perhaps to no one

except the artist himself.

Chiseling a livelihood out of native pine, butternut, and basswood would be a lonely life for some. But the competence of such creativity coupled with a countryside that witnesses silencing snow in winter, quiet rebirth in spring, and an exploding kaleidoscope of color in autumn are often company enough.

A sweeping view of the landscape outside his shop draws in pines, birches, and willows. Quarterhorses and pintos graze in the background. Behind them, hills gently slope skyward. Vermont's Ascutney Mountain looms in the west. And historic Union Church, incorporated in 1794, sits down the road a stretch. Somehow, nothing else would be appropriate for a man tied with the past.

Boggis has the look of an artist, with massive hands that taper down to sensitive fingers. He never runs short of unruffled smiles; his laughter bounces between gentle and jolly.

Fame has been an elusive companion for this artist, though. There are no safeguards in his field; no alternatives on which to fall when lean times hit. Still, Boggis accepts the extremes as a part of life over which there is no control.

"A publishing house one time expressed an interest in including me in a piece, but only after I die," he says in that oh-by-the-way manner of his. "Probably be good for their pocketbook, but it won't do much for mine."

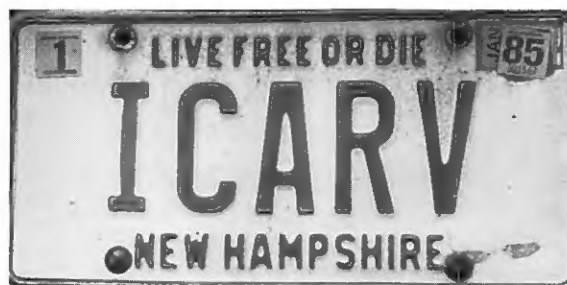
He laughs.

Some recognition has come through the thousands who view his work summers at the Craftsmen Fair at Sunapee State Park. The New Hampshire gathering is the oldest annual craft exhibition in the nation.

Boggis has been carving for most of his life. As a child he was attracted to shaping soap. But other things occupied much of his life before he made carving a fulltime endeavor. He worked for the fingerprinting/



At left, Ed Boggis carves one of his masterpieces. Below, Mr. Boggis' license plate. Previous page, the cigar store Indian, completed.



photographic department of the Vermont State Prison in Windsor for twenty-one years. Toward the end of that stint, he initiated a crafts program at the prison. In 1972, he switched careers and has been carving ever since.

If he has a patient respect for his craft, he treats his students likewise at weekly classes. A dozen or so men and a woman or two gather for the Tuesday ritual.

Unfinished Indians serve as coat hangers in a workshop crowded with people, worn worktables, and tools. Fine sawdust blankets everything. Heat is generated by a wood stove, but it is not clear whether projects gone sour end up in it. Humor peppers the conversation nearly as often as knives cut into tree flesh.

Time is always set aside for a snack, and this night Lenny has brought the fare. "Who wants to try pickled squid? Hey, Bill, try some."

"I'll take a hot dog," Bill calls back good-naturedly.

Boggis, with a pipe clenched between his teeth, joins in. He clearly savors these informal sessions. "Your turn, Glen. When you get home you'll wiggle."

Moving on, he jaws with another student. "Duck's looking good, Carl. Is it going to fly?"

"Yes, like a submarine," the retiree answers, laying in feathers with a parting tool.

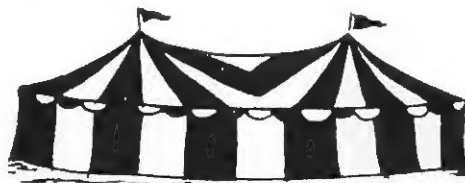
As the evening comes to a close, only one question remains to be asked—at his age, how much longer will he continue to turn out Indians and anything else people prize?

"Until I can't hold a knife," he says. And a soft smile rests on his lips.

It's the only answer you'd expect.



Phyllis Muzeroll, who also took the photos in this article, lives in Claremont, N.H.



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TREATED WITH LOVE

Photos by Dodo Knight

The photos on pages 8 - 11 were taken by the Lovell, Maine, photographer, who specializes in horses and other farm animals. Above are Linda and Janie. At left is Left Turn. At right are three pairs of Morgan mares. Continuing on to the next page, you will find a portrait of Raff. The horses on page 11 are Gem and Myriah.







SAM: A Horse & Dog Story *Fiction by Sharon Clow*

The scent of autumn was in the air. The death of winter would soon arrive, taking the last bit of green life. Kelly rode her stallion down the crooked trail under bending birch trees with yellow leaves. The horse was easily excited. Steam flared from his nostrils and left small droplets of ice on his whiskers. Sam, the huge black retriever, followed very happily beside the horse. Something in the frigid air and the crispy leaves they walked through gave an uncontrollable excitement to the spirit.

Kelly loved fall—so much beauty in one eye-ful. The mountain before them was thick with evergreens. Small patches of vivid red, yellow, and orange broke through their darkness.

The sky was an intense blue. Huge white clouds floated about. Kelly felt as though she could reach out and grab a handful. She wondered what they would be like—they looked like cotton candy today.

The sun was not golden, but a luminous white. Kelly squinted at the beauty around her.

From the valley below, Kelly heard the roar of the river. As they grew nearer, its sound overpowered the wind in the trees. The river was a needed escape for Kelly; especially when she was depressed or had had a fight with her mom.

She and her animals faced the river now, its gorgeous black reflecting the reds and yellows from hanging trees. Its greatness appeared slow, yet powerful; its bold currents

revealed only on the surface, while whirlpools vigorously twisted masses of pine-needles and leaves and smashed them on the rocks below. The river was strong and fierce, but unbelievably beautiful.

Kelly jumped from the horse and led him to a rock where she sat for a few moments. Its hard chill seeped through her jeans, making her shiver a bit. Sammy sat close beside her to receive a loving hug and a scratch on the head. Jasper, the horse, leaned his head down to Kelly's shoulder, also feeling the need for affection.

"Well, Sam, here we are," she said. Sam wagged his tail and Jasper gently rubbed his nose against Kelly.

"I sometimes have trouble under-

standing Mom." Kelly vividly remembered her mother's voice: "I hate that dog. Get him out of the house, he sheds all over!"

Kelly's mother was a strong woman who grew to be that way after her husband left. Kelly had been an infant. Raising a child alone and paying the bills made Kelly's mother irritable.

"I don't think she meant the things she said," Kelly said to her dog. "Even though she did point to you. Don't worry Sam, I'll always stick up for you. You're my favorite. I told her that you didn't hurt nothin'. I think she hates about everything we do." Kelly sighed and hugged Sammy.

The river moved on, unchanging.



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"It's taken so many lives. Old man Stacy, he lived on the river for years. The river got his wife and daughter one spring during the floods. The following spring he fell through the ice and they found his body in the lake. Isn't that creepy, Sam? Let's change the subject." Kelly never talked to herself, just to Sam. He sat right still, listening to her every word. However, he would wag his tail or whine every once in a while, just to interrupt.

"Am I boring you, Sam? Aw . . . go on, go fishing, fella." She threw a stick and Sam bolted after it.

Kelly had found him as a small pup on the roadside. She had brought him home, raised him, and made them partners for life. Kelly never went anywhere without Sam and Sam never went anywhere without Kelly.

Kelly tightly tied Jasper's reins to a huge pine tree that creaked and moaned in the wind. A good knot was needed to hold him.

"That's a good boy." She patted him on the back and walked away.

Small ice patches had started to form around the banks of the river. They held Sam for a few seconds, but then he would fall into the cold mud. He came out shaking his feet like a wet cat.

A small squirrel ran from the woods onto a tree which hung lifeless above the river. Sam went running hysterically after the small creature; he grabbed the log with his claws for balance and started out after the squirrel.

"No, Sammy! Come back! The log won't hold you." Kelly yelled, panicked. Sam never heard her. He kept right on going. Kelly ran to the base of the log where it had once grown from the riverbank. The water under Sam was dark and very swift.

"Sam! Please come back!" The log made a creaking sound and fell downward. Sam lost his balance and

struck his stomach on the log. He cried and clawed desperately.

"NO!" Kelly cried as Sam struggled for something secure under his feet. She waded out to help him, but his twisting body splashed into the water. He started to swim to shore, but the current was too strong. As Sam floated downstream, Kelly ran to her saddle for a rope. Sam clawed at the ice-covered rocks as he went by. With every stroke, he became more exhausted. Kelly threw the rope to help him, but quickly realized that was useless.

Sam's large head would disappear for seconds at a time. Then he would surface for a few breaths of air. Kelly ran downstream. Her screaming was now crying, and, as she ran, the tears flew back toward her ears in the wind.

The river moved faster now, its whirlpools of debris and logs crashing onto ice-covered rocks. Kelly had never felt so useless. All she could do was watch her poor dog be drowned. Sam's body moved on downstream toward the crushing rocks.

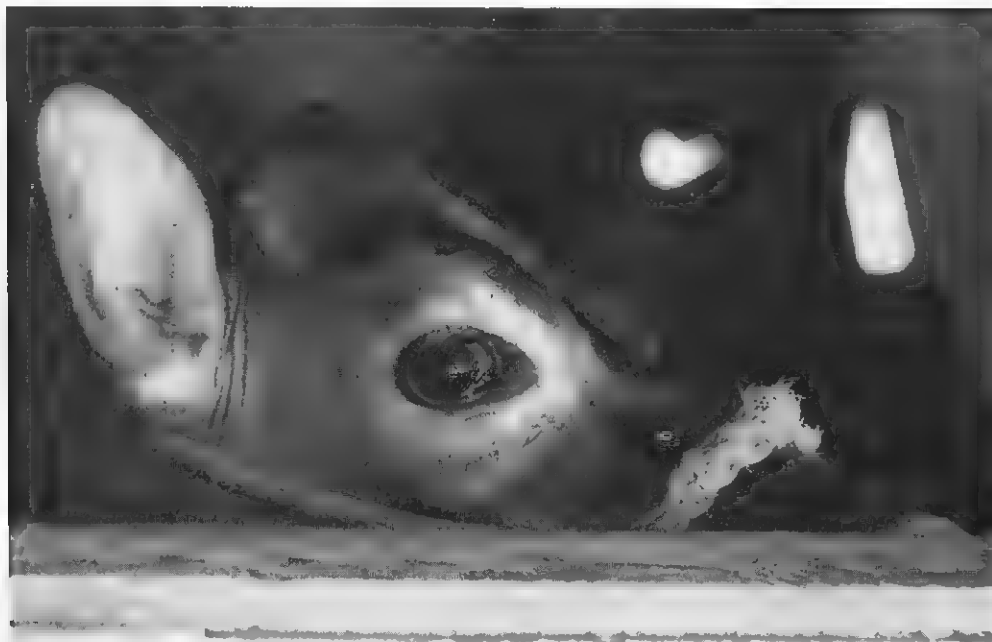
"Sammy," Kelly sobbed, her vision blurred with tears. Sammy hit the rocks and cried out—it echoed across the river. The current moved him slightly closer to shore. Here the river was smoother, the rocks slowing the rushing water.

Kelly ran into the freezing water, to her knees, then to her waist. It was cold, the feeling in her hands and feet was gone. Her lips turned blue and her teeth chattered. She reached as far as she could and grasped Sam's tail. Pulling with all her strength, she moved Sammy closer. His body was limp.

Kelly sobbed harder and wrenched Sam toward the riverbank. Carefully, she pulled him up out of the water. Sam didn't move. Kelly stroked his nose lightly. Her tears fell to the ground. She pulled off her wet coat

"A farmer doesn't have to go to work.
He wakes up surrounded by it."

—Duane Thurston, Du-Wayne Farms, North Norway, Maine



Dodo Knight Photo

How ARE we going to keep them down on . . . The Family Dairy Farm

by Lauren MacArthur

"Old MacDonald had a farm. And on his farm he had some . . ."

Most of us know that tune from our childhood days. And, as children, those of us who did not grow up on a farm imagined a rambling white farmhouse, where inside, in a cozy, warm kitchen, "Mrs. MacDonald" baked wonderful breads and pies and soft molasses cookies. The inviting smells drifted out the back door and into the deepest corner of our minds.

We would daydream our way out to the "red" barn where we pictured "Old MacDonald" in his coveralls, milking the cows—by hand, naturally. He would have been up with

the rooster's crow before sunrise, and he would work—at a slow, steady pace—all day long tending to his animals, fences, and farm-type chores.

"Mrs. MacDonald," meanwhile, calmly accomplished the domestic end of farm work: besides the baking, she made sure Old MacDonald ate a hearty breakfast, lunch and dinner. She hooked rugs, made clothes, knitted, crocheted, canned during canning season, and saw that the chickens were fed.

Rolling green pastures, the smell of new-mown hay, and cows grazing serenely—they were all part and parcel of our wonderful dream. And never—but never—was there a dark

cloud in the sky. Farming seemed to most of us to be an almost-perfect existence.

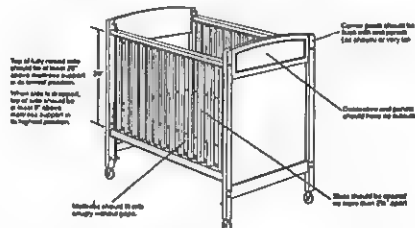
Oh sure, we realized it took hard work; but, since farmers didn't "work" anywhere else, they had all day, forever, to get the job done. And when the MacDonalds lay their heads down at night, we just *knew* they slept peacefully.

Farming—and especially dairy farming—has been the backbone of this nation since its beginning. At first, every family that could had its own cow, grew its own garden, and was generally "self-sufficient."

It wouldn't be until the era of specialization that the "milk market"

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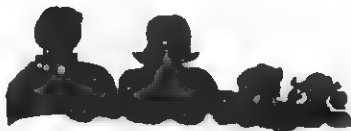
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The children do help out in the barns, but are encouraged to pursue their own activities. Janet is seventeen, a senior at Oxford Hills High School, and head cheerleader. David, fourteen, is a sophomore at Oxford Hills; he skis and is on the golf team.

Their seventeen-room home echoes with the memories of past generations—and sometimes with the visits of Bob Allen's many brothers, sisters, and their children.

Robert grows high-moisture ear corn. He produced about 400 tons of it last year and fed it to their own cows. They could use more, he says.

Different Farm Lifestyles

The Hookers run the more traditional farm. The Thurstons and the Allens do it a bit differently.

Duane Thurston is not married and does most everything alone. He has one hired hand and a few part-time people to help with the milking. The several generations at the Allen farm home all have their "own thing" to do. But all three farms face the same problem: how to make it on their milk check.

And none of them milks by hand. All use electric milkers.

For a time, farmers had no problems selling all the milk they could produce. But "no product is an island unto itself," explains Duane Thurston. There is a milk surplus and dairy farmers have been asked by the government to cut back in their milk production.

A Milk Surplus The Dairy Economy

The reason for the surplus is complex; but, put simply, as Thurston says, "The cotton price indirectly affects us, as do other product prices." It is caused by economic forces. And milk prices are based upon the open market of Minnesota and Wisconsin.



Duane Thurston

A common excuse is that President Carter's reaction to the Russians in Afghanistan—cancelling the grain deal in the late 1970's—made the grain market plummet. The dairy market, in relation to the grain market, became more attractive, since the United States government had a policy of buying up surplus milk. When grain prices dropped, some farmers bought cattle and fed them the grain they had grown.

Other actions can cause the same situation. If the cotton farmer has a bad year and supplements his crop with soybean, then perhaps the midwestern soybean farmer must supplement his soybean crop with corn. The situation goes full circle and eventually it's cheaper for farmers to run their grain through their own cows.

More farms are then milking cows. A milk surplus is created. That affects New England—because New England does not have the option to do anything but dairy farm with its land. It simply does not have the space.

Milk processing is expensive. Less than three years ago, there were a couple of dozen processing plants. Now there are less than a dozen. In a few years, there may be none in Maine.

"Any advance in technology chases the farm larger," believes Duane Thurston of North Norway, Maine. And, although Bob Allen of Hebron feels the future will improve, he does agree, "Some farmers are going to go out."

So how to get the milk to market? Agrimark is a co-op that was founded about four years ago to do just that. But, no matter how you slice it, it is cheaper for the truck to stop at one or two large farms to fill the tank than at ten or twelve smaller places.

Volume becomes the key. Volume is increased by making use of modern technology. But modern technology costs money. And, although the plan is *not* to force the small

farmer out, the conditions are likened to a snowball rolling downhill.

"Any advance in technology chases the farm larger," believes Duane Thurston. And, although Robert Allen feels the future will improve, he does agree: "Some farmers are going to go out . . ."

"Everything," says Thurston, "is going to shove the smaller guy, no matter what. It's as evident as death and taxes."

Right now, the more milk a farmer produces, the less per hundredweight it's going to cost him. He pays five dollars for the truck to stop, but then he must pay a graduating fee per hundredweight of milk to Agrimark. And he must also pay fifty cents per hundredweight to the government—which in turn uses it to supplement dairy farmers who are cooperating with the "milk diversion" (cutback) program.



The Allen Farm



The Empty Pasture?

The Hookers' cows still go to pasture as in our daydreams. But the Thurston and Allen cows never go. Those farms, like many others, have found that, under present economic conditions, it is cheaper for them to bring the feed into a central place rather than truck it out to pastures that may be spread all over . . . and it eliminates the expense of fencing.

"That could change," Thurston reminds us. The dairy business is truly in a push-and-shove situation. It is not unlike any other producer in the country—except in one very important way. If an automobile factory produces too many cars, they can shut the factory down. There is no way to shut down a cow, other than to reduce the herd. If the car factory reduces its herd, it can always

start up again. Cows take time to be born and mature.

There is a farm in Maine addressing that problem, too—they specialize in embryo transplants. They hope the outcome will be supercows. One good cow should be able, with this new process, to produce twenty or more embryos instead of the normal three or four in a lifetime. But that is another story.

I have another daydream . . . or nightmare. Perhaps it is farfetched. Perhaps not.

I worry that our artificial supply-and-demand system may someday leave all those rolling green pastures of my childhood dreams . . . empty.

Lauren MacArthur is an editor at The Lewiston Daily Sun and contributes when time allows to BitterSweet.

DEAR SENATOR

We wrote to our senator; we thought the budget a shame. His answer was personal; he even used our name! "I appreciate very much your taking time out from your busy schedule to participate..." But we can't tell if what he is doing is congratulate or castigate. "Rest assured, however, that all legislation... will receive my closest attention." That's nice. But we were *hoping* to know his intention. "I will remember your comments and hope you always feel free to call on me..." Oh, you bet, Senator. Because at least you didn't address your personal reply to "Dear Addressee."

*Robert N. Feinstein
Douners Grove, IL*

MIGHTY PINES

Perhaps someday I'll walk again
through forest tall, I thought of as my
own,
but now the woodland peace is marred
by power saws and skidders steady
drone.
The mighty pines, so stately and so
tall will no more shade the woodland
paths below;
I watch them passing by on heavy
trucks, as to the mill they go.
To me those trees were sentinels and
friends,
beneath them all I passed some peace-
ful hours, while walking there with
troubles left behind, and pausing
there to pick the freshest flowers.
I knew someday the trees would have
to go, to make room for the young
trees springing there,
but I can't go there for a while, the
land will look so ravished and so bare.
Someday, when the young trees have
grown tall, and cast their shadows on
the paths I've known, my kin may
walk once more through spicy
scented woods
and thank God for seeds the pines
have sown.

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The Rare and Beautiful Belted Galloways Of Rousseau Farm, Dover, New Hampshire

by Jack C. Barnes

"What a beautiful animal!" one woman exclaimed as she spotted a nice striped heifer being groomed for competition at Fryeburg Fair in Maine.

"Gorry sakes, yes," responded an old-timer. "I hain't seen nuthin' the likes of these." He then asked one of the breeders who was washing down a potential prize winner: "What do you call 'em?"

"Belted Galloway," the breeder responded.

Thousands of people who attended the fair were seeing, for the first time, one of Scotland's truly great contributions to the bovine world.

In 1948, a small herd of strikingly beautiful Belted Galloway beef cattle were introduced from the rugged hills and mountains of southwestern Scotland into the

United States for the first time. Despite their beauty, durability, and knack for surviving on submarginal land with little or no shelter—producing quality beef with low fat content—the Belted Galloways (or "Belties") have been slow replacing the more popular breeds of beef cattle. In recent years, however, the number of Galloway breeders in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont has been steadily increasing. In the **Northeast Belted Galloway Breeders' Directory**, Maine leads all the other New England states plus Ontario with eleven registered breeders; New Hampshire is second with three.

A few of the fairs in Maine and New Hampshire are recognizing the Belted Galloway as a separate class open to competition. At the 1983 Fryeburg Fair show,



six exhibitors of Belties competed for the prize awards.

"Odd soundin' name," the old-timer said to the woman at the fair. "But, gorry sakes, them's good lookin' animals."

"Ayah, must'a come from a cross some'beahs."

"Prob'ly did," agreed the former.

"Looks like someone took a paint-brush and some white paint and run it 'round an Angus five or six times, don't it," responded the latter as the two sauntered into the next cattle shed and were lost from view.

I was still chuckling to myself over the last remark when I paused before a long string of handsome Galloways and looked up at the large purple and white banner tacked to the wall above the animals: "Rousseau Farm—Registered Belted Galloways—Dover, New Hampshire."

Peter Rousseau and his pretty wife Susan were busily at work bed-

ding down their animals for the evening, but as soon as they finished, they were willing to take a few moments to talk enthusiastically about the business of raising a herd of these rare cattle.

Peter, who has built his herd to fifty-three—including some Highlanders—began with a few choice animals nine years ago.

"I bought two from the Beaver Dam Farm in Durham, New Hampshire, and then I went to Kentucky and bought seven. The following year, I went to Pennsylvania and bought seven more. I paid top dollar for what I bought," he says.

What Peter especially likes about Galloways is that they are rare and have a gentle disposition. As the Rousseaus have two small children, they feel a gentle herd on their farm is of utmost importance.

Does Peter encounter any special problems with his pedigreed Galloways?

"I don't have any problems at all. They calve easily. They also have a high fertility rate and breed well."

How does he do, financially, with his herd?

"Some years I break even, and other years it costs me money. I don't think it will ever get to be a big profit-making proposition."

Nevertheless, although it was only the opening day of Fryeburg Fair, the Rousseaus had made five sales.

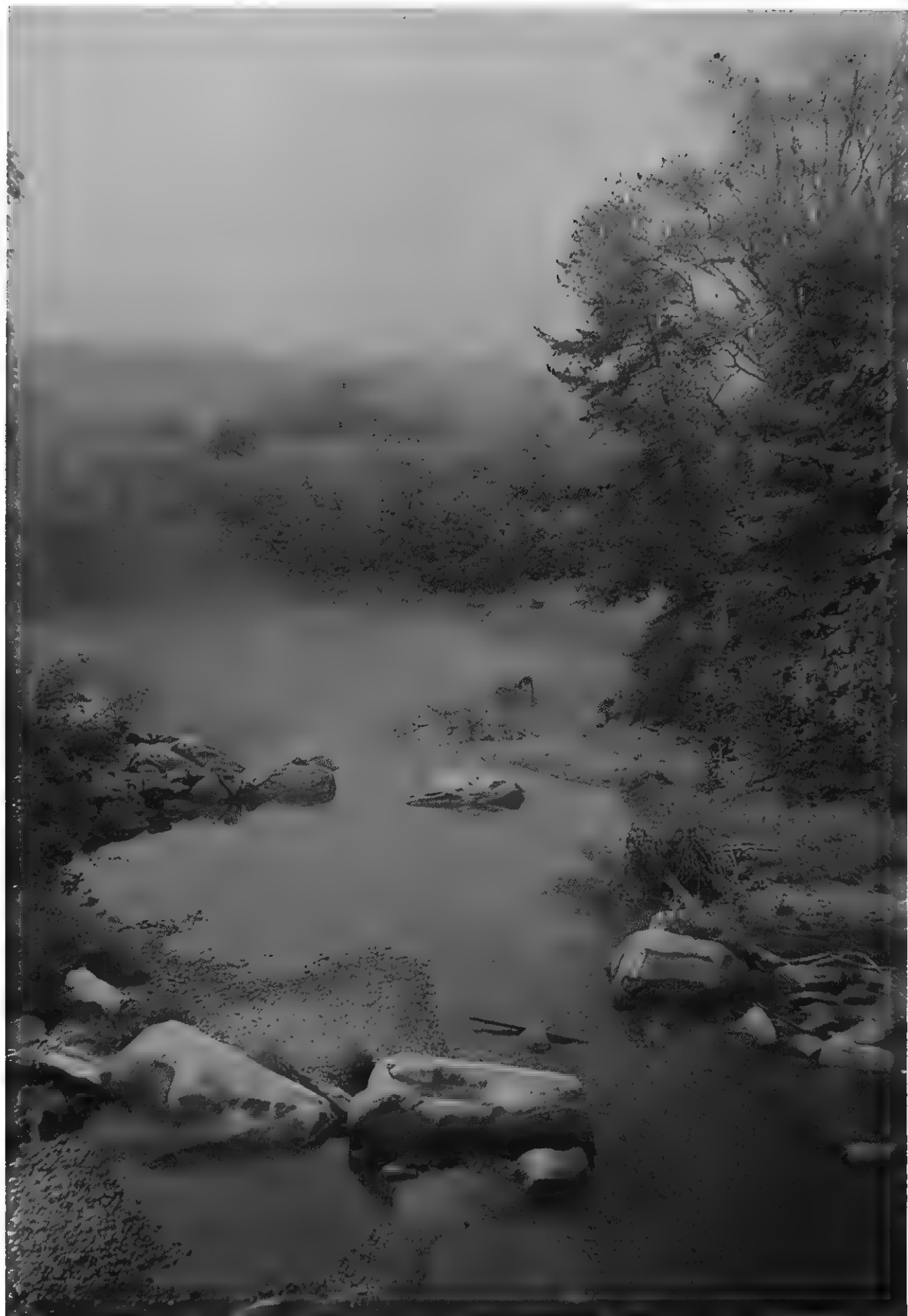
"The Fryeburg Fair is excellent advertising," Peter commented.

As beautiful an animal as the Galloway is, have they become popular among cattle breeders in America?

"They were popular for a while," Peter said, "but the demand has sort of slacked off. I think most of the Galloways are now in the western part of Canada."









Six years ago, Gary Mongeau of Greene, Maine, received a Christmas present. It was a bird—a mitered conure (a smaller version of parrot, 12-15" long). Green with a red mask, this bird, named "Sgt.", still rules the roost at the Mongeau residence.



Gary worked with "Sgt." and his interest in the training of birds grew. That was the beginning of a new career for the former police sergeant.

About two years ago, Mongeau was injured in his job with the Androscoggin County Sheriff's Department. While his policing stopped, his bird training took off until he was able to work with a local pet shop offering bird training.

Mongeau was concerned about birds that were home, "just sitting in a cage." Some bird owners, he says, don't realize their bird's potential.

"Birds are intelligent animals," Mongeau emphasizes. "They will learn most anything—just out of boredom—to amuse themselves." He's talking about all kinds of birds: parakeets, dwarf parrots, or even macaws.

It is imperative that the birds, and their owners, too, receive training, according to Gary Mongeau. Most people don't realize that birds can exert, as he says, "900 to 1000 pounds of pressure per square inch of their beak...they could snap a 3/4-inch dowel in half, if upset."

On February 18, 1984, the first meeting of the Maine Bird Handlers Club—Mongeau's creation—was held with ten members present. As of July, the club membership had reached thirty. Meetings are held at the Auburn, Maine, firehouse and people come from as far away as Readfield, Portland, and...Tampa, Florida!

The Busch Gardens of Tampa are members of the Maine Bird Handlers Club. Mongeau took the initiative in contacting Garden trainers in an attempt to improve his training

technique and to expand upon ideas for the Maine club. In response to his letter, Gary received an invitation from Bob Garner, director of animal training acts at Busch Gardens, to visit and train with them for a week.

THIS IS FOR THE BIRDS... And The Maine Bird Handlers

by Lauren MacArthur

Gary travelled to Florida in July and attended thirty-two parrot shows that week. Busch Gardens and the Maine Bird Handlers Club have taken the opportunity of this association to set up a tour of exotic birds—Mongeau's and Busch Garden's—across the state.

Intense training and dieting for Maine's birds are required to achieve this end. Behavior diets. The birds eat peanuts, receiving one peanut for every behavior (they are never called tricks) they accomplish. "They are paid to work," says Gary.

The birds' food is measured in grams. Half the allowed diet—one or two slices of orange, depending upon the bird's size—is given at night. The other half is given during the day as behaviors are accomplished. Bad behavior means no peanut.

Bill and Dot Gagne of Lewiston and their Blue-and-Gold Macaw ("Tigger") have been members of the Maine club since its second

meeting. The new diet bothered Dot.

"Tigger had been used to mashed potato, spaghetti, toast—everything!" she laughs.

Bill says Tigger came to them in August of 1983 and his vocabulary was limited to "hello"—if he felt like it. "He now has a vocabulary of over fifty words," Bill reports.

All types of tropical birds—from the tiniest to the largest—are represented in the Maine club. Blue-and-Gold Macaws, Moluccan Cockatoos, Parakeets, Blue Amazons, Cherry-headed Mitered Conures, Mealy Amazons, Orange-winged Amazons, African Greys and Goffin Cockatoos are among the elite bird members.

These birds represent many dollars. For instance, a baby Blue-and-Gold, on the street, can command \$900 to \$1200. A tame bird's value doubles. And each behavior they accomplish increases their value by about \$1000, says Mongeau.



Gary Mongeau




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Bill Gagne and friend

"It takes \$25,000 to produce a show using four birds, with each bird accomplishing four behaviors, and including the trainer's expense," Mongeau tells us, referring to the Busch Gardens tour possibility.

At present, the Maine club is doing shows at no charge for schools and nursing homes, etc. Recently, they had a showing at the Auburn Mall.

The Maine birds and their handlers have a lot to accomplish in a short time. Busch Gardens hopes to have them touring this fall. But if Mongeau has his way—and he is a determined fellow—the Maine Bird Handlers and their exotic crew will "fly away" with no problems.



... Belted Galloways

Do all Galloways have the same color pattern?

"No, there are four other varieties. There are the Dun-belted, Dun, Black, and pure White." According to Peter, there are no Whites being bred in this country.

How do the Galloways compare with the more popular Hereford and Black Angus in size?

"Well, responded Peter, "I just shipped a bull this summer that weighed a little over a ton. That should give you some idea."

It did.

How do the Rousseaus do in competition, especially since they have come to compete against the splendid herd from palatial Aldermere Farm in Rockport, Maine?

"We have been winning our share of the blues, but we have had no grand champions yet. It takes ten to twelve years to get into that," Peter explains.

A few weeks later, my wife and I drove down to Dover to visit the Rousseaus at their farm on the outskirts of that small New Hampshire city. The large brick house and sundry farm buildings sit on the summit of a gently sloping hill surrounded by fields that were still emerald in the late afternoon October sun. The Rousseaus own a hundred acres, sixty of which are tillable, and rent an additional 150 acres. The farm belonged to Peter's father, but when Peter was seventeen, tragedy struck and he was left an orphan. Nevertheless, he was determined to continue working the family farm, even though it meant dropping out of high school.

Susan, although not brought up on a farm, has adjusted to farm life quite successfully. "I was a bit apprehensive at first," she recalls, "but I like the life we have together well enough."

The Rousseaus do have a good life together and are providing a wholesome environment for their two sons, Matthew and Jeffrey. With a successful construction business, and with the size of their herd increasing, Peter and Susan must put in long hours each day.

What stands out most about the Rousseaus is their enthusiasm for the life they are building for their family. And Peter Rousseau is justifiably proud of his splendid herd of Belted Galloways—paragons of the rare and the beautiful.



Humor For A Presidential Year: **WHERE ARE ALL THE POLITICAL WITS?**

by James Bellarosa

Maybe television hasn't caused *all* of our problems, but when it sanitized our politicians TV may have gone too far. Obliging their natty TV images, today's lawmakers and campaigners have turned their backs on our long and entertaining tradition of political invective, and in doing so have short-changed their constituent paymasters. Beneath the glare of television lights even our bitterest presidential campaigns routinely fade into harmless shadow boxing.

But there was a time when round-house rights and flashing foils were standard weaponry in the political arena, and it wasn't so long ago. The late Adlai Stevenson, for example, used the Republican Party and its kingpins as dartboards for twenty years. "When Republican speech-makers think they are thinking," he once said, "they are only rearranging their prejudices." He found the Republican Party platform similarly misconstrued: "It's a (matter) of finding a contract in the loopholes." Of his two-time and often inarticulate opponent for the presidency, the intellectual Stevenson remarked, "If I talk over people's heads, Ike must talk under their feet." Then he sawed Eisenhower's running mate off at the knees: "Richard Nixon is the kind of politician who would cut down a redwood tree, then mount the stump for a speech on conservation."

One of Stevenson's favorite targets

was Joe McCarthy, the Senate's Red-baiting demagogue who normally cleansed his criticism of good taste, then spit it out. McCarthy identified Dean Acheson, Truman's dapper Secretary of State, as "The Red Dean of Fashion," New Hampshire's Sherman Adams as "a pinhead," and Senator William Benton became "Connecticut's odd little mental midget." The Senator had obviously given up all hope for that trio of detractors but he thought he could still rehabilitate one unrelenting needler if he got "a slippery elm club and (climbed) aboard Adlai Stevenson's campaign train."

McCarthy's sledgehammer-styled insult typified the roughhouse invective of an earlier period. It's offen-

Abe Lincoln wrote do-nothing Civil War General McClellan: "If you do not choose to use the army, I should like to borrow it."



A heckler once asked candidate Al Smith to tell his audience everything he knew "because it won't take long." Smith said: "If I tell them what we both know, it won't take me any longer."

siveness usually consigned it to oblivion, whereas the deft lance, edged with irony or wit, is usually remembered by the listener and never forgotten by its victim.

Probably no 20th-Century politician wielded a sharper foil than Harold Ickes, FDR's Interior Secretary. Ickes was remembered for unmasking Wendell Willkie's carefully-fostered common man image by referring to him as "a simple, barefoot Wall Street lawyer," and for later diagnosing Huey Long's cerebral exhalations as "halitosis of the intellect." But the Secretary saved his sharpest darts for Thomas Dewey, the glamor-boy New York governor who twice failed to win the presidency. When Dewey announced for that office, Ickes *announced* that "Dewey has thrown his diaper into the ring." The Secretary steadfastly refused to listen to Dewey's speeches because, he explained, "I have a baby of my own." Once Dewey's profile had become familiar to everyone, Ickes added the icing: "Dewey," he cracked, "reminds me of the little man on the wedding cake."

After that ludicrous caricature fastened itself on the public mind Dewey may have been relieved to lose the election, because the conspicuousness of the presidency has always invited the harshest abuse. And no New Englander who became president was ever more abused than Calvin Coolidge. Clarence Darrow warned Cal that a long road lay ahead

when he saluted the new president by calling him "the greatest man who ever came out of Plymouth Corner, Vermont." Along the way H.L. Mencken assessed Cal's performance. "The net contents of Coolidge's cranium," he decided, "aren't distinguishable from what fills the brain pan of an average garage attendant." Cal's puckered visage inspired a generation of cartoonists but it was Alice Roosevelt Longworth's description that gave it memorable perspective. "Calvin Coolidge," she quipped, "looks as though he'd been weaned on a pickle." In the end it was Cal's taciturnity that turned Dorothy Parker against him. When informed that the former president had died, she asked: "How can they tell?"

Exposed as president longer than anyone else, Franklin Roosevelt endured relentless attack. The acerbic Mrs. Longworth, joining others who'd done so less tastefully, raised the issue of FDR's lineage: "Franklin is one-third Eleanor and two-thirds mush." Teddy Roosevelt's cousin, Nicholas Longworth, thought of FDR as "the voice with a smile," a con man impression Huey Long must also have gotten when he memorably (albeit halitotically) identified the President as a scrootch owl. He explained:

"A scrootch owl slips into the roost and scrootches up to the hen and talks softly to her. And the hen just falls in love with him, and the first thing you know, there ain't no hen."

Teddy Roosevelt—often a target himself (George Bernard Shaw cracked that Teddy's idea "of getting hold of the right end of the stick is to snatch it from the hands of someone who is using it effectively and to hit him over the head with it")—spared no one, especially presidents, when he disagreed. Before taking the office himself, TR guessed that President McKinley avoided war with Spain

because he had "a chocolate éclair backbone." Raising the level of his attacks later, the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa called the president of Venezuela "a pithecanthropoid," and President Wilson "a Byzantine logothete."

Generally speaking, Presidents can take care of themselves and one of the best at levelling his many critics was Abe Lincoln. He thought his critical, do-nothing Civil War general, George McClellan, had "the slows." Exasperated finally, he chided McClellan with the following note: "My Dear McClellan: If you do not choose to use the army I should like to borrow it." McClellan was only one in a long list of Lincoln's victims. During the Lincoln-Douglas debates the gaunt Illinoisan called his portbellied opponent, who was a heavy drinker and whose father was a cooper, "one of the best whiskey casks I have ever seen." Lincoln dispatched another adversary during a trial. Referring to the opposing attorney he said: "He can compress the most words into the smallest ideas better than any man I ever met."

Like Lincoln's courtroom opponent, many politicians suffer from loquaciousness and never even realize it. But Warren Harding's so aroused Senator William McAdoo that he felt obliged to dislodge the President's ignorance. "Harding's speeches," he reported, "leave the impression of an army of pompous phrases moving over the landscape in search of an idea." Late in the 1952 campaign, Time Magazine let Dwight Eisenhower proclaim his own rambling incoherence by printing several of his verbatim responses at a press conference. One answer about the Unemployed ran:

"We are not going to let our citizens, through no fault of their own, fall down into disaster they could not have foreseen and due to the exigencies of our

particular form of economy, this modern economy where they have no power to keep themselves out of that."

(No wonder the articulate Stevenson had referred to his opponent's ground-level approach to communications!) Maine's Thomas Reed, after listening to an endless and inconclusive argument between two fellow congressmen, suggested the true effect of their long-windedness: "They never opened their mouths without subtracting from the sum of human knowledge."

Sometimes a speaker's blabbering rouses an inspired heckler. Once when William Jennings Bryan fancied flying to every hamlet in America to preach his silver policy, a heckler tried to discourage the ambitious expedition by shouting: "You'd be shot for a goose before you've flown a mile." A lady Temperance candidate had the wind taken out of her sails a bit more dramatically. During a speech she'd tried to dramatize the evil of alcohol by declaring, "I'd rather commit adultery than take a glass of beer." Unswayed, one not unreasonable listener yelled back, "Who wouldn't?!" Rejoinders like that can quickly neutralize an effective speech, though most politicians don't last long if they're not prepared for such ambushes. One heckler who learned his lesson asked Al Smith to tell his audience everything he knew "because it won't take long." Smith obliged with the desired brevity: "If I tell them all we both know," he replied, "it won't take me any longer." William Howard Taft once had to react to a more palpable projectile—a well-aimed head of cabbage. "I see," he laughed, after the danger had passed, "that one of my adversaries has lost his head."

Congress has always produced its share of wits, or victims of it. The fullest flowering came in the first half of the last century when a well-educated, close-knit group of well-

... Political Wits

to-do think-alikes modeled their rhetoric after the English style. Sam Houston of Texas, for instance, thought Thomas Jefferson Green had "all the characteristics of a dog—except loyalty." Henry Clay supposed John Calhoun would die as a madman or a traitor because he had "too much genius and too little common sense." Their contemporary, Daniel Webster, seems to have been the Senate's resident pin cushion at that time, and just about everybody took a turn at sticking it to the Massachusetts senator—peers, fellow Bay Staters, even foreigners. John Quincy Adams uncovered Webster's "ravenous ambition and rotten heart," which Ralph Waldo Emerson supposed made "the word liberty in Mr. Webster's mouth sound like the word love in the mouth of a courtesan." The Englishman Sidney Smith gave us the funniest impression of the insuppressible Yankee. "Webster struck me much like a steam engine in trousers," he joked.

No summary of political invective would be complete without a sampling of the rhetorical scalpings of John Randolph, the brilliant Virginia aristocrat who is America's generally-acknowledged Laureate of the Insult. A contemporary of Clay, Calhoun and Webster, Randolph's verbal blitzes left his opponents in ruins, and those foolhardy enough to challenge him on the Senate floor soon found the entire chamber howling at their expense. And Randolph took on everybody, including presidents. Martin van Buren, he said, achieved his objectives by "rowing to his object with muffled oars." And old friends. When Richard Rush was appointed Treasury Secretary, Randolph sacrificed their friendship to reflect on the appointment. "Never was ability so much below mediocrity so well rewarded," he said. "No, not even when Caligula's horse was made a consul." And, of course, the

hapless Yankee pin cushion. In a speech Webster had argued for increased Federal power, but Randolph found Webster's idea too compromising. "Asking a state to surrender part of its sovereignty," he countered, "is like asking a lady to surrender part of her chastity."

But Randolph was just warming up. The Virginian's fiercest political enemy was the ambitious senator from Kentucky, Henry Clay, and Randolph was suspicious of his aspiring colleague. First he taunted him: "Clay's eye is on the presidency, and my eye is on him." Then he tomohawked him with what is generally considered the crown jewel in America's treasury of political invective. "Henry Clay," he said, "is a man of splendid abilities but utterly corrupt. Like rotten mackerel by moonlight he shines and stinks."

Randolph may have had more powerful political enemies than any politician in our history, but it took an obscure congressional rookie from Rhode Island to put the redoubtable scourge in his place. The Virginian claimed a blueblood's pedigree that he'd traced all the way back to the Indian princess Pocohontas. But Representative Fawcett from Pawtucket, who'd left the cobbler's trade to enter politics, wasn't impressed. When Randolph condescendingly asked the newcomer how he'd disposed of his leather cobbler's apron before coming to Washington, Fawcett replied, "I cut it into mocassins for the barefoot descendants of Pocohontas."

It's unlikely our current presidential campaign will revive our neglected tradition of political invective, but maybe that's understandable. Who'd dare risk being so skillfully likened to outdated mackerel or unshod primitives before 25 million television viewers?

James Bellarosa lives in No. Grafton, Massachusetts.

DOWN AT THE FIREHOUSE

There is laughter while we stand
There is low grumbling too
There is a lax exchange
of fish stories
of recipes
of gossip.

Neighbors visit while they wait:
hands clasp hands
cheeks are kissed
shoulders hugged.

The conviviality
overrides the grumbler's groan.

Slowly the line
moves to the booth
curtains open.

It is my turn.

I step inside,
turn the lever,
curtains close.

I am alone.

I hear the muffled laughter
the shuffles of impatient feet
but I will not be hurried;
this is my moment.
Deliberately,
I make my choices;
I press tiny keys
beside certain names
then press the lever
the curtain opens.

I have voted.

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Bob, Ruth, and Stoney Morrell

Bob and Ruth Morrell and their Heritage-New Hampshire

by Jack C. Barnes

For nearly thirty years, Story Land in Glen, New Hampshire, has been a favorite place for parents to take their children. A marvelous and wholesome experience for the young, it is still a place where adults love to take a step backwards in time to see their childhood stories come to life.

In 1976, a completely new dimension was added adjacent to Story Land, called Heritage-New Hampshire. A beautifully-designed Federalist-style building was erected with the scenic New Hampshire hills as a backdrop—an appropriate setting for reliving over 350 years of New Hampshire history.

The story is presented so authentically and yet so entertainingly that history buffs come out exclaiming that they have seen history in a new dimension. Those who have previously viewed history as meaningless and unimaginative come away realizing for the first time what a fascinating subject it is.

Even more fascinating is the story of how these two ingenious creations—Story Land and Heritage-New Hampshire—became a reality. It was largely due to one man—Bob Morrell—with invaluable support from his wife Ruth.

Bob is a New Hampshire native; he grew up "just down the road a piece" in North Conway. His life is one of the great American success stories.

Born in Manchester, New Hampshire, a city largely built around the sprawling Amoskeag Woolen Mills, he was moved in 1927 when his father (who worked for the Boston and Maine Railroad) decided his family would be better off living in the country.

"With a very small amount of money," Bob recalls, "my mother came up to Conway and bought some land, which at that time had a tearoom or a small restaurant. Being the aggressive person that she was,

she took the three of us kids and her mother, got together with a contractor, and had six overnight cabins built."

His mother was an innovator, because her cabins were the first in the area to have hot and cold running water and indoor bathrooms.

Bob graduated from Conway's Kennett High School with no desire to attend college; instead, he went down to Cape Cod to become a cranberry grower. But, as soon as the snow began to fall in the North Country, he headed back up to Conway. He was a ski enthusiast who had learned to ski under the tutelage of Carroll Reed—one of the first locals to teach skiing.

Although he loved everything that had to do with the sport, especially the glamorous and interesting people he met, Bob had to face the fact that remunerations from skiing were far too meager to offer him any financial success. He began to look

for other alternatives.

"I was convinced, over my better judgement," he explains, "that if I went to business school for maybe three months, I could learn how to get along in the business world." He fully intended to drop out after three months, so that he could devote the winter to skiing.

Bob and his sister Marion went off together to attend a business college in Springfield, Massachusetts. He stuck it out for two years before he finally settled for what he calls a "short diploma."

"I knew I could never master all the required skills for a regular one."

Marion, on the other hand, sailed through college, graduating after two years at the head of her class. "Perhaps," Bob thought, "I could turn to railroading like my father, uncles, and grandfathers."

But he was determined to have an easier life than his dad, so he went to work for an insurance company in Hartford, Connecticut, as secretary to the vice-president.

"He was a crusty old guy who intimidated female secretaries so fast, they ended up quitting in tears. My skills were so bad, however, That I got fired."

Bob did not have to ponder long on what he might turn to next, however, for very shortly after he was dismissed, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor.

"I got into the old, open Model-A Ford and drove back to New Hampshire and enlisted in the Army."

The four and one-half years that he was in the U.S. Army proved to be anything but unbearable, for he was assigned to a highly-specialized branch for which he was well qualified—the ski troops.

It was during World War II that Bob and Ruth, who had known each other from childhood, were married. During the war, Ruth worked in the Navy Department in Washington.

After the war, Bob says, "We decided the thing to do was not to work too hard in life, so I went into the insurance business selling accident, life, and health insurance. But I soon discovered that I was disinterested in insurance and more interested in people."

He and Ruth returned to Conway. They started making ice cream, hot dogs and hamburgers at a small stand where the Sears and Roebuck store is today. Their newborn daughter Nancy slept in a basket while her parents prepared food and waited on customers.

Just as their small business seemed to be going well, the Korean War erupted; and Bob, who was a reserve officer, was called into the Army and sent off to Germany for two and one-half years.

As he headed to Germany—leaving his newly-established business and family behind—Bob Morrell was somewhat discouraged. As things turned out, however, his assigned duty in Germany proved to be the real turning point in the lives of the young couple.

Shortly after Ruth and little Nancy joined Bob for the duration of his duty there, they met a brilliant woman by the name of Frau von Arts from Nuremburg, the toy capital of Europe (perhaps the world). Frau von Arts made dolls with a wire frame that she dressed as characters in children's stories. Bob and Ruth were enthralled with what they saw.

This talented German woman made a suggestion to the Morrells that became the inspiration for Story Land. "You will soon be returning to the United States," she said, "Why don't you build a village around all of these stories, and then maybe I can sell my dolls to you."

These words fired the imaginations of Bob and Ruth, but the seed had to lie dormant a while before

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sprouting. The Morrells had very little money; at first they were uncertain about how to make Frau von Arts' suggestion a reality.

"Finally," Bob recalls, "this idea began to take shape. The first concepts were put on paper by a local artist. Nobody thought much of it, especially the banks."

It was during the winter of 1953 that Bob began to build in his cellar what he referred to as "dog houses." As he finished them, he put them outside in the snow and passers-by exclaimed, "My gosh, it must be either a fox farm or a dog farm!"

By the following spring, the Morrells had managed to purchase two parcels of land totalling eighty acres. They had to pay \$1500 for the 1500 feet along Route 16, but the owner of the remainder of the acreage looked at land through the eyes of a farmer. He did not set a very high value on what the Morrells wanted to purchase.

"It ain't worth nuthin'," the octogenarian commented to Bob. "We've only used it for pasture in my lifetime." He sold it for \$1000.

It was fortunate that the old man did not ask more, for the young couple had nearly exhausted their savings and there was much that lay ahead to be done before they could open for customers.

Ruth and Bob began clearing the land, laying out the paths, building fences. But they needed money to construct the fences.

If the banks took a dim view of their enterprise, there were other local businesses which had faith in the Morrells.

"Everything was done on the cuff," Bob relates. "Everybody trusted us for lumber, paint, nails, and whatever else was needed."

The two toiled assiduously night and day to complete what was then a new concept—a theme park for children. At about the same time

Story Land opened its gates, Disneyland also opened in California.

"We took in \$65 the first day," Bob recalls. "Tickets were eighty-five-cents per person."

Everything the Morrells collected that first year was reinvested in their new enterprise. And Bob continued to work winters for Carroll Reed in the ski boot department for several years to come. "I think we paid ourselves ten cents an hour for the time we put in at Story Land," he says now.

"By 1957," Bob chuckles, "we had what we thought was a bonanza. It was a banner year for tourism and the recreation business. The weather was perfect; the economy was just about right."

"We know how to be in business," the Morrells declared, convinced they were at last on the road to financial success.

"Use just a bit of caution," admonished the more experienced local businesspeople. It was sound advice which the neophytes should have heeded.

"In 1958," Bob laments, "Story Land sales dropped thirty-five percent; and I found myself hung with an advertising budget and other expenses far in excess of what I should have had. That was my instant conversion to being a financial conservative, which is what I have been ever since."

The Morrells clung tenaciously to their dream, continuing to work hard and reinvesting practically every cent they took in to making Story Land bigger and better each year. Gradually, through the 1960's, business improved to the point where the couple had a little breathing space. It was enough for their creative minds to focus on a completely new concept that would render the Story Land project miniscule by comparison.

The Morrell's son Stoney was a

senior at Kennett High School in 1974 at a time when the United States was still deeply involved in the Vietnam War. In the midst of the national protest, Bob and Ruth saw the terrible struggle within their son's generation. They felt a need to establish some values based on generations of our American heritage.

"We realized," Bob explains, "that the younger generation, in their criticism of their country, had forgotten all the contributing factors that had gotten us this far. All the good things were forgotten in their great zeal to point out what was wrong. Our own children sensed this deeply."

It was this conflict going on within their children that became a catalyst for Bob and Ruth. They wanted to find a unique way of reacquainting the younger generations with their heritage.

So the Morrells hit the road in quest of some tangible but innovative concept that would serve as a model for their own project. They literally crisscrossed the United States until, in Dallas, they met a young man from New York who designed parks.

"I want to show you something," the young man said to the New Hampshire couple." He took them into a back room where he had laid out a model of a building in the form of a cross that he called "The Way."

Bob recalls, "It was a theatrical presentation of the life of Christ, with the scenes, smells, the wind, the temperatures, and the people. It was exactly the dimension we had been looking for."

As soon as the inspired couple returned to Conway, Bob contacted a marvelously creative person named

Peter Stone in Bristol, New Hampshire. He had done some work for them at Story Land. He was asked to write a script in the first person for thirty of the most famous people, places and events in New Hampshire history.

Peter set to work enthusiastically on the project. When he finished, Bob took one look and exclaimed, "That's it! That is precisely what we are getting at."

By July 1, 1976, Heritage-New Hampshire was ready to open its doors to the public. The total cost of the project—partially financed by Story Land—was one million dollars! So unique is this place that even the owners have difficulty describing what they have created.

When they asked an enthusiastic visitor how they could advertise it so

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"The Way Things Were" at HERITAGE-NEW HAMPSHIRE

by Janet Hounsell

Heritage-New Hampshire, Route 16 in Glen, New Hampshire, introduced something new this past season—its ninth year—according to owners Ruth and Robert Morrell. Ruth's gift shop, formerly in the lobby, was housed in its own attractive carriage shed building, freeing space in the lobby of the 19,200-square-foot building for an exhibit called "The Way Things Were."

A weekly-changing talk by various senior citizens from the surrounding community, "The Way Things Were"—as its name implies—was a highlight of segments of our past. It included demonstrations of our forbearers' skills, craftsmanship, and habits.

Bob Morrell, excited by the concept, says: "We think spotlighting our oldsters, who have a great deal to contribute, will be good for them as well as fascinating to our visitors."

Men and women demonstrated crafts from the past, answering questions and "just plain" reminiscing about the Granite State's rich past.

Harry Mason

Among the first oldsters to participate in "The Way Things Were" was 85-year-old Harry Mason. He and his wife Ruth make their home in the Redstone area of Conway township in the shadow of a once-productive granite quarry.

A quarryman in the early, difficult days, Harry has many skills and experiences to relate, as well as a remarkable memory and a "love of talkin'."

The New Hampshire native ("I've been here 85 years, so far," he says with a twinkle), Harry is a descendant of John Mason, who is prominent in the history of the Granite State. The history relates: "In 1629 a

portion of land lying between the Piscataqua and Merrimack rivers was granted to John Mason—the title given the grant was New Hampshire."

Harry's been an avid hunter since November the 8th of the year he was 11. On that day, without permission, he "borrowed" his uncle's cherished 32-special and climbed a mountain on a one-man hunt. Spotting three deer, the boy promptly brought down two with three shots! At that time, of course, "the law 'lowed you two," he points out. Mason has brought home 98 or 99 deer in his lifetime. He lost exact count. Mason admits ruefully to having "slowed down some" at 85!

Harry Mason could be described as a stonemason, machinist, carpenter, among other things. Surrounded

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Harry Mason

by props, he could demonstrate several skills, including the fashioning of axe handles which are more like works of art than necessities, bird feeders, and charming rustic sleds like those he completes each "winter." He can also show and explain the uses of now-outmoded tools, as well as early methods of quarrying and working with granite.

Heritage-New Hampshire opens for each summer season on Memorial Day weekend. It is expected that more than 100,000 visitors will take its unique, three-century journey next year.

The visitor's experience begins in the year 1634 as he departs from the South of England for the New World aboard the good ship *Reliance*. One could nearly become seasick, so realistic is the voyage.

Added to this contemporary photographic and electronic tribute to New Hampshire's past are features such as the largest American flag in New England. Now one may also experience "The Way Things Were"—including spinners, weavers, quilters, and people making soap in the old-fashioned way. 

You can find Heritage-New Hampshire next to its sister exhibition, Story Land, on Rte. 16 in Glen (Bartlett Township), New Hampshire—a few miles north of North Conway.

... Sam

and wrapped it around the shivering dog.

Unexpectedly, Sam coughed. "Oh, Sam! You're alive!" Kelly tucked in the edges of the coat. "There, take it easy, fella, we're going home."

Kelly ran for her horse. She twisted her ankles over the icy stones. When she reached the horse, she was winded and shaking, and she pulled and tore frantically at her well-tied knot. The reins finally loosened.

She took Jasper up the riverside as far as she could. The trail was too rough for him to go over. She looped the reins over a drifting log and ran for Sammy. By a prayer, Sam was still alive, but it took all of Kelly's strength to lift the seventy-five-pound dog in her arms. She reached the horse exhausted, stepped on the log and got Sam up on the horse.

"Aw, Sammy, please don't die. Mom really likes you. All you need now is a warm fire." Kelly tried to comfort the dog with her conversation as they rode. His whining made her break down and cry more.

Her wet pants turned to ice as the sun and temperature went down. The trail was not beautiful to Kelly now. It seemed long and depressing. Finally, they rounded the corner and were home. Kelly's mother ran from the house, wiping her hands on her apron.

"What happened? I've been worried sick," her mother said.


"Please help me down, Mom," Kelly said. Still sobbing, she told the story.

Her mother took the dog in her arms with great effort. Kelly jumped off the horse to help and the two of them carried Sam to the fireplace.

"Mom, do you think he will live?" Kelly asked, wiping her nose on her sleeve.

"Of, course, and we'll do everything to make sure he does," her mother said, rubbing Sammy dry.

Sammy soon stopped shivering. By evening, he ate a little. Kelly spent the rest of the day with him. At night, she slept by the fire. The warmth and loving saved him.

The next morning, Kelly and Jasper rode the trail to the river. She left Sam behind to recover. The trail had its beauty back. The river flowed swiftly and powerfully. 

Sharon Clow wrote this at Douglas Hill, Maine.

A NOVEMBER PASTORAL

The slanting, strange, and slowly fading light,

Against the curtain of a steel-blue sky,
Warns of the coming of November night.
The farmer's sturdy lad, climbing the high

And greenly rugged slopes of stern Fort Ridge,

Calls to his straying herd of cows—to hear

Answer of bells from the high meadow's edge.

The varied colors of the dying year,
Soft tones of green, dull gold, and tender rose,

Spread where the herdsman heads his cows for home,

Whistling his freedom to the mountain-side.

Beyond the meadow cheering window glows

Between bare trees. He drives the strays that roam

(Knowing no envy for the towers of pride;)

Studies the sky, where supper-smoke upcurled

Marks good in common things, joy in a husk.

It is enough to know that his small world
Is blessed by home...and sound of bells at dusk.

*Julia Cook
Alfred, ME*





Modeling ducks in Addison, Maine, 1940's. George French Photo.

FROM DECOYS TO DUCK DINNERS

by Beatrice H. Comas

The story of decoys is part of the history of hunting in America and the carving of them is one of the few indigenous arts, having originated among the Indians at least 1000 years ago, long before the white man's arrival.

If you were a decoy collector and folk art buff with "money to burn," you may have been part of that mob scene lined up at the Sotheby Parke Bernet Galleries in New York City February 2, 1979, for a "standing room only" event. Previous records for folk art were toppled and a hollow Canada Goose decoy brought \$12,500 from a private collector (surpassing the \$10,500 set in 1973

and tied this summer by a Hudsonian curlew).

There is now an annual Decoy Collectors Meet at Stony Brook, Long Island, where exhibitors from the Eastern seaboard display wildfowl decoys to sell and swap, sometimes for thousands of dollars.

One cannot help but contrast these astronomical prices with the simplicity of the Indians' invention which had no monetary value. It is even peculiar that no one in the world had ever thought of it. Whereas the common practice in Europe had been to trap wild fowl in cages, sometimes using tame birds to attract the prey, the Indians used lures made

of reeds or flat rushes roughly simulating bird forms or mud heaps with dead birds' heads. These temporary figures were succeeded by stuffed fowl skins or birds made of bulrushes and painted in natural colors. These devices were so successful that the early settlers quickly adopted them and used them in conjunction with their own imported firearms. When the filled skins were found to be too fragile for repeated use, village whittlers started fashioning them out of wood. At first cedar was used. Later when cedar was no longer plentiful, pine was substituted. These were first called "blocks" because of their general shape, or "stools" be-

cause of the European practice of fastening a live pigeon to a perch, called a "stool," to lure other pigeons. Eventually, the word "decoy" was adopted as the name of the artificial birds used in America, although the word was of Dutch origin and referred to "cages."

When the first white man arrived, there was a staggering amount of wildlife. During the north-south seasonal migrations, the New World must have been a hunter's paradise with birds literally darkening the sky...more than he could possibly shoot, for the birds, guided by an inner calendar, migrate south at the same time every autumn and return at the same time in the spring, a fact which scientists cannot fully explain.

In Colonial times, men hunted primarily to supplement a monotonous diet; but, during the first 100 years of independence, wildfowl shooting for sport and for profit led to such wholesale slaughter that many of the native species disappeared altogether. During the heyday of unrestricted shooting, decoys were carved in the likeness of every known species.

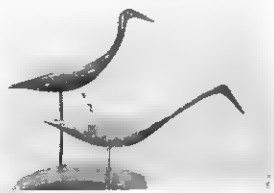
Early 19th century decoys were extremely crude and the top pay for them was between 20 and 50 cents. The Shelburne Museum in Shelburne, Vt., has an outstanding collection of decoys, some of which were carved around 1800. These were "stick-up" shore birds which the Indians originated and no attempt was made to represent a specific type. At first they were used to attract both wild ducks and shore birds, but they were soon replaced with floating decoys for waterfowl.

Many hunters carved their own decoys during the winter lull between the fall and spring migrations. Decoys were also made by carpenters, sea captains, or anyone with a talent for whittling.

Eventually, decoy-making became a recognized profession and by the

1840's and 1850's the work of these carvers resembled actual birds and particular species. Regional types were developed to suit local conditions.

Benjamin Holmes of Stratford, Conn. made unusually fine decoys with a remarkably life-like appearance. These were designed to be used in the marshes of the Housatonic River and were made especially broad to ride the slushy ice that filled the river during the spring and fall shooting.



Indian-like 19th century decoys

By the end of the 19th century, conservationists were urging strict control of hunting; and finally, in 1918, Congress passed legislation that ended the shooting of wildfowl for commercial purposes.

Decoy making is one of the few forms of artistic expression that has survived the Machine Age and is still based rather closely on the methods of earlier generations.

The material preferred remained well-aged white pine or cedar, although occasionally a thrifty hunter would pick up a piece of driftwood and fashion it into a decoy.

To make a three-dimensional floating decoy, the carver began by cutting the wood for the body into the required length. He then placed the body on a chopping block and hewed it roughly into the desired shape with a carpenter's hatchet, often cutting several bodies at the same time. The hewn body was then placed in a vise and finished with a long, narrow-blade drawknife.

Great attention was given to the head, which was sawed rather than hewn, out of a small piece of wood (usually according to a pattern) then

finished like the body. The final touches were whittled with a jack-knife. The head was then attached to the body with long spikes and supplementary nailing.

Sandpapering to remove all tool marks, priming to preserve the wood and painting in natural colors completed the decoy maker's work.

Although carving methods are virtually the same today as 100 years ago, the old decoys are readily distinguishable by their painting. Today's craftsmen pride themselves on realistic feather painting.

The most interesting decoys from the point of view of folk art are from the 19th century and come from the Eastern seaboard, especially New England and New Jersey. Each of the numerous rivers and salt marshes along the Atlantic coast presented its special challenge to the hunter and decoy maker, leading to an astonishing variety of regional decoys.

Those who hunted in the cold, rough waters of Maine needed seaworthy decoys, like the heavy sea loon carved by lighthouse keeper Albert Orme.

When I told a friend that I was planning to write an article on "Decoys" and asked if he had any colorful duck hunting anecdotes to relate, he replied, "It's mostly just going out there in miserable weather and waiting."

David O'Connor of Sherman Station, Maine, a freelance writer and backwoods guide, has this to say about a day of duck hunting: "There is nothing in all the outdoors to beat the mystery, the excitement, and the fun that comes from a decent day of duck hunting in the marshes. Sometimes it seems that all of life is compressed into this driving force."

Not every hunter feels like O'Connor's pre-teen son who after his first day of duck hunting exclaimed, "It's the best day of my whole life." O'Connor feels that the first duck hunt should be full of pleasant

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Homemade

GAME RECIPES

by Bea Comas

After a day of duck hunting you, too, will be bringing home the fruits of YOUR labor and it will be up to the cook or cooks of the family to prepare those recipes that have stood the test of time.

If wild ducks are too gamey, they may be rubbed with ginger or lemon. Also celery, grapes or sliced apple in the cavity help minimize the strong taste. Discard before serving.

Braised Wild Duck

22-pound ready-to-cook skinned
wild ducks

All-purpose flour

¼ cup butter or margarine

½ cup chopped onion

¼ cup chopped celery

1½ teaspoons salt

¼ teaspoon coarsely ground
pepper

Preheat oven to 350°F. Cut ducks into serving pieces. On waxed paper, coat pieces with about ½ cup flour. In Dutch oven over medium heat, in hot butter or margarine, cook duck until browned on all sides, a few pieces at a time, removing pieces to platter as they are browned. Add onion and celery to drippings and cook until onion is tender, about 5 minutes. Return duck to Dutch oven and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add ½ cup water. Cover and bake 1 hour or until duck is fork-tender. Remove duck to warm platter. In small bowl, blend 1 tablespoon flour with 1 cup water until smooth. Gradually stir into drippings in Dutch oven and cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Serve over duck. Serves 4.

Wild Duck with Pecan Stuffing

4 cups soft bread crumbs

1 cup finely chopped celery

1 cup finely chopped onion

1 cup seedless raisins

1 cup pecan meats, chopped

½ teaspoon salt

½ cup milk, scalded

2 eggs, beaten

2 2½-pound wild ducks

6 slices bacon

1 cup tomato catsup

¼ cup Worcestershire sauce

¼ cup A-1 sauce

½ cup chili sauce

Mix bread crumbs, celery, onions, raisins, nuts and salt together. Add hot milk to the beaten eggs and then add to dry mixture. Dress ducks and fill with stuffing. Close the slits by using poultry pins or by sewing. Place in roaster and cover each duck with 3 strips bacon. Roast, uncovered, in 350°F oven allowing 15 to 20 minutes per pound. Twenty minutes before serving time, combine the last 4 ingredients and baste the ducks with the sauce. Garnish with parsley and slices of oranges. Skim fat from sauce and serve it with the ducks. Serves 4 to 6.

Wild Duck with Orange Sauce

1 wild duck

Pinch of sage

Butter or oil

Salt and pepper to taste

Garlic powder

Thyme

Split duck in half. Place sage in

water in cooking pot. Bring to a boil. Turn off heat. Place duck in water for 5 to 6 minutes. Remove and rub duck generously with butter. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, garlic powder and thyme. Wrap tightly in foil. Bake for 45 to 60 minutes at 375°F. Brush with the following orange sauce.

Orange Sauce for Wild Duck

1 can frozen orange juice

2 tablespoons prepared horse-
radish

2 tablespoons currant jelly

1 cup powdered sugar

1 heaping teaspoon cornstarch
Juice of 1 lemon

Combine all ingredients in double boiler. Cook until thick and clear. Serves 6 to 8.

Wild Duck in Sour Cream Sauce

Breast of 3 ducks, filleted

Salt and pepper to taste

Flour

2 tablespoons cooking oil

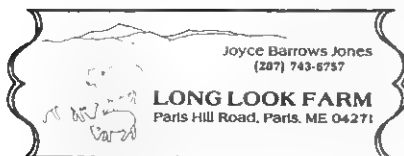
2 cups sour cream

Season fillers with salt and pepper. Roll in flour. Brown on both sides in hot oil in heavy iron or aluminum skillet. Drain off excess oil. Reduce heat to low. Add sour cream. Cover tightly with lid. Simmer about 45 min., turning occasionally, and scraping bottom of skillet until cream is reduced to rich brown sauce. Serves 6.

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... Decoys

memories, a thing that will always be called to mind whenever a child thinks of the parental generation.

Edward Winslow, one of the founders of the Plymouth Colony, wrote to a friend in England regarding the first Thanksgiving: "Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sente four men out fowling that so we might, after a more special manner, rejoyce together after we had gathered the fruit of our labours. These four, in one day, killed as much fowl as, with a little help besides, served the company almost a week. *

Bea Comas is a free-lance writer who lives in South Portland, Maine. Her work has appeared in Down East, Yankee, & Reader's Digest, among others.

THE HUNT: PERSPECTIVES

Three deer swam toward the shore,
The larger in the lead, two smaller behind in
File, fleeing.

On that gray November hunting day.
Changing course, they swam parallel to the
shore.

Sensing that I was there
Further down the beach, stepping cautiously,
Onto the shore, they shook like dogs, and
Disappeared into the brush.

Near the waterhole, the February herd
of nine,

Suddenly startled,
Raced up Pine Hill.

I stood, the hunter, camera in my hand.
A black mink scurried around in the
underbrush;

I almost settled for that.
The herd waited on the other side of the hill;
Then white tails fluffed as they bounded
Along their path toward the swamp near
Sandy Beach.

I pursued along the deer path,
My legs scratched and bleeding,
My blood pulsing, confident of catching them
Unaware. Around the corner, they stood,
the nine,

Crowding, mounting each other in play;
Then as the wind brought my scent, they fled,
Single file, along the berm at Sandy Beach.
I shot them there, in black and white, all nine.

The next November hunting season
On a crisp clear red and yellow day,
Running at the north end of the island,
I rounded the bend near the deer path.
The spot seemed deserted;
No deer bounded down the path.
Suddenly, I stopped, stunned.
There was a hunter,
Bow drawn,
Arrow pointed at me.



THE CELEBRATION

A storm blows in, but
"Tomorrow will be sunny and mild;
Winds will diminish overnight,"
The forecaster predicts.

And, of course, we're human.
"Maybe he's right,"
We concur without confidence.

At high tide the howling northeast winds
Hurl the waves crashing against the dock,
Fling them at the embankment,
Thrust them tearing and sucking
Last summer's litter from the shore.

At low tide the haunting winds issue
Long rollers breaking far out,
Then cresting and breaking again,
Rushing toward the rocky shore.

The night winds whip
The wailing house;
Rain beats the windows;
The embankment barely holds;
Winds whistle and whine
Gusting, it seems, from
An infinite center of power.

The morning forecaster revises:
"For the next two days the
Rain will fall; the
Wind will blow."

We shoulder to the wind.
A nor'easter.
We had known it would blow for days.

And the seagulls float on the breeze,
Gathered for the celebration.

Grace Hall McEntee
Prudence Island, R.I.



George French Photo

A Sportsman's Diary

by Emery A. Santerre, Sr.

DEER HUNTING

One of the attractions that the out-of-doors has for the sportsman is the fact that, along with the thrills, there are frequent periods of peace in solitude. This is especially true when deer-hunting. The patient hours spent at a crossing, the slow-paced many miles of "rubber-necking" through the swamps and over the ridges are most enjoyable, especially when the mind is allowed to play with pleasant thoughts and memories.

Foremost in my thoughts is the admiration I have for my quarry. What incredible agility guides their sure-footed leaps as they bounce away, no matter how rocky, mucky, or

tangled the terrain may be. The does and smaller specimens possess sleek grace; the bucks have a majestic bearing. All are impressively beautiful! Biologists tell us that deer are color-blind. Their eyes do not seem to pick up stationary objects, but movement is something else again!

Their hearing is good, but Southern deer-hunters have told me that a deer's hearing is inferior to that of a wild turkey.

Their ace-in-a-hole is their wonderful nose. The nose of a deer must really be a "Jim-dandy"! Just let a stray breeze waft a bit of the dreaded man-scent to a deer and he's gone! In their sense of smell lies the bulwark of their self-preservation.

Some years ago the State of Michigan made an experiment. Thirty-nine deer, including several mature bucks, were fenced in 47 acres of

forest land. Six experienced hunters went in to make what should have been easy kills. To everybody's surprise, many man-days hunting were required for each deer killed. The hunters seldom saw the bucks, even though they were confined to such a small area. Some of these hunters even suspected that they were being "framed"—that the deer had been evacuated from the enclosure! Only after the results of this experiment were evaluated, were the wiles and craftiness of the white tail deer truly appreciated.

But deer weren't always like that!

When I was a teen-ager, working in the lumber camps in northern Aroostook County, the older lumberjacks used to tell stories of hunting in the back woods before the deer were "educated." In these days, camp owners served venison to the

crews (illegally, I presume). The meat was acquired sometimes by the hiring of a professional hunter, but more often it was bought from lumberjacks who hunted on Sundays. They were paid in trade with credit at the wanigan. A big buck was worth a pair of woolen trousers. Lesser deer were priced all the way down to a lamb being valued at a few plugs of Sickle tobacco.

Not having had experience with mankind, their behavior was much different then than it is today. According to the old-timers, deer wandered around in the daytime, didn't particularly try to hide while lying down and were almost always sure to stop and look back after being "jumped." The killing was easy. The restraining factors were the limited demand, and the fact that they dragged just as hard then as they do today.

I have arrived at the conclusion that to be consistently successful, a deer-hunter must be very skillful, very lucky, or as in most cases, have a combination of both! Personally I find that the years have robbed me of what limited skill I ever had as a deer-hunter. I also have apparently used up all my allotted quota of luck. The miles and days are stretching ever longer between my successes. I therefore concede I am not qualified to match wits with the sophisticated critter that's tuned to the times. I am forever doomed to hunt for that increasingly rare member of his kind—the dullard or the dunce!

But hunt them I will, with luck or without, and believe me, I'll enjoy every minute of the pursuit!



November Triptych

FALL BONFIRES

In November's gaunt, gray weather,
All our moods are swept together,
Gaudy joys with green desires,
And dark regrets—on Autumn's pyres;
Daylight is doled, as the year ends,
From miser's purse, but fire lends
To bright-veined hours we still
remember,
Candescent life, in death's November.

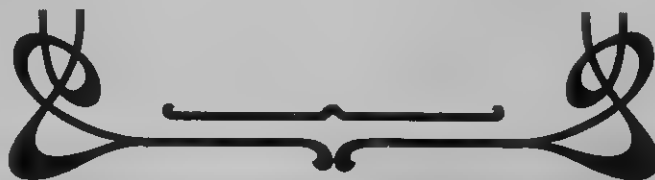
ON NAMING THE PRESIDENT

Some won by merit, and some by flackery,
And some had names as odd as Zachary,
Ulysses and Rutherford, Millard and
Dwight
(Poor Adlai didn't make it, quite)
Two Franklins, a Woodrow, and a
Grover;
Then, turning the topic over,
Plain Teddy and Harry (though the
Swami
Of Monticello was *never* called
"Tommy"!)
But what pol would ever be so rude as
To nominate one whose name was
"Judas"?
And would the Convention rafters ring
For a candidate with the first name
"King"?
Well...a President's name is extremely
chancy,
And some day, I'm sure, we'll have one
like "Nancy"!

ABANDONED FARMHOUSE

Doorless, the barn gapes open, gluttoned
with dry leaves;
Long gone, the pungent, steaming flank
that heaves,
Rhythmically, by lantern; a thousand
milkings now
Buried in years, like leaves, but you can
still smell cow!
Leaves slosh in rusty milk pails, on the
sagging floor,
Work passed, father to son, father to
son, and then no more;
Death in wartime...childlessness...call
of the city...
One of these was the way of it—spare
your pity!
Red knuckles scrubbed, where now gray
rags flap, lazily,
By broken panes; petunias poke among
weeds, crazily,
Seed blown from plants those hands,
black-rimmed, once tended,
After a thousand aprons washed, a
thousand work-shirts mended;
Overgrown, the path that led from the
pantry, downward,
To hen-coop and dairy, but plain, still,
the path townward;
Special talents...city lovers...just
wanting to stay pretty...
One of these was the way of it—spare
your pity!

Joan Auer Kelly
La Jolla, CA



Can You Place It?

If you can identify the location in the top photograph, write us at P.O. Box 266, Cornish, Maine 04020. First post marked correct answer wins a subscription to BitterSweet. Last month's location (see below for another view) was a mill in Andover, Maine. See center section for a more modern view.





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peace be with you

... Morrell

his neighbors would come to see it, the person said, "I can't describe it, it's beyond description. You just have to come and see it, that's all!"

Bob believes his greatest symbol is the largest American flag in the state. "If someone gets a bigger one," he says, "we will have a larger one made." Significant also is the sheep weathervane—a symbol of the early importance of wool to the economic development of New England.

A Family Business

Heritage-New Hampshire and Story Land have always been family run. The Morrells son Stoney (now 28), whose teenage searching led to the idea for Heritage, is now a full partner in the operation. After graduating from Dartmouth College as a social and cultural geographer, Stoney headed out to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where he lived in a cabin and cowboied for a couple of years.

Then he came home to visit one spring and realized that he had been missing the tree-covered New Hampshire hills. He began playing a role in the family operation, determined not to become a slave to it. Soon, however, he became caught up in the emotion of Heritage-New Hampshire. Now he is indispensable to the overall operation.

The irony is that Stoney is becoming more like his father than he ever intended, and Bob is laudatory about his son. He knows now that Heritage will continue to be run by Morrells for years to come.

"I have to say, my son is going to be better at it than I am. He is extremely sensitive and a great humanitarian."

The Morrell's daughter Nancy is married to an electrical engineer and has two children. Although she still prefers to live in Concord, Massachusetts, she and her family have input at Heritage.

Bob is also pleased that, when his own dad retired after 48 years with

the Boston and Maine, he came up to Conway and took charge of the planting and caring for of all the flowers for both places—until his death at the age of 82.

The great Walt Disney said about Disneyland that "It will never be finished." That is also the philosophy of Bob Morrell, for Heritage is like New Hampshire's hills—it will go on forever.

Bob's eyes sparkle as he becomes more dynamic about Heritage's possibilities in the years to come. One of Peter Stone's designs would make it possible to "walk through" a moving glacier and see what occurred in the creation of the hills and mountains.

"There should be some way for young people to look into the future at the kind of houses they are going to live in, and how a computer can be used in the kitchens they are going to inhabit. What kind of food will they eat? How does your heart work and how about walking through your lungs. Crazy? But all of these things are possible," Bob expounds on the field of electronic communication.

"I figured out the other day that I am going to have to live to be 120 to even begin to fulfill all that I have planned."

Bob and Ruth are sixty-four, but look twenty years younger. Their constant association with young people has been their elixir. "As we get caught up in their enthusiasm and their wave length, we retain our youth," Bob explains.

Youth is what Heritage is all about. The Morrells make it available to thousands of student groups every year.

Bob Morrell makes use of the things he learned while coming up in the world of business.

"You take care of the customers, Carroll Reed would often say, and the business will take care of you."



View Askew

by Robert Skoglund

THE LOST HUNTER

When my neighbor Gramp Wiley has a story to tell me about the good old days, he can't simply unload it. That would be a sure giveaway that he'd recently seen it on television or made it up.

So, Gramp very cleverly works the conversation around until we just happen to be discussing the topic that he has in mind. Then, when my guard is down, he knows I'll be more likely to believe what he says.

For example, one day last fall he dropped his newspaper into his lap and said, "They found Richard Warner again."

The name didn't ring a bell and I said so.

Gramp explained, "He's the hunter from Massachusetts who goes up into the Maine woods to get lost every fall. The whole state turns out to look for him."

"Oh, yeah, I know who you mean. Last year they found him shivering in a cabin by some lake. He thought the lake was a river that would lead him out to civilization, and he walked around it fifteen times. Every time he'd go around, he'd see one more set of his tracks in the snow, which naturally made him think he was getting closer to an inhabited area."

"And all he had to eat was three Jack London paperbacks he'd brought along with him," Gramp said.

"Why does he do it?"

"Recognition," Gramp snapped. "In Massachusetts, he's a nobody—an unnamed petty bureaucrat. But when he's lost up in the Maine woods, everyone knows who he is. Every year, thousands of people roar

through the woods on snowmobiles to look for The Lost Hunter—it's turned into an annual media event."

"I heard it nearly bankrupted the state of Maine to find him last year," I said. "Wouldn't it be cheaper to mail him a complimentary deer or moose and ask him to please stay home.?"

Gramp Wiley sneered. "He wouldn't eat it if they did—he's one of the beansprout crowd—he claims to be drawn to Maine by the mystique of the Great North Woods."

Gramp folded his hands across his waist, closed his eyes, leaned back in his rocker, and said, "Years ago my Uncle Ern worked in a logging camp up in the Maine woods. Of course, that was before the days of chainsaws, so the men were sent out in two-man crews, one on either end of a crosscut saw.

"Uncle Ern worked with the famous Winky La Fong because there wasn't anyone else who could keep up with either one of them, on the end of a saw or in the dining hall.

"You'd have to see an old-time lumberjack work and eat to believe it. It could be ten below zero on Moxie Mountain, but they'd be stripped to the waist and sweating on either end of those saws. Grease—that was how they did it. Everything they ate or cooked was dipped in bear grease. Of course, working and eating like that, you can believe that their rate of metabolism was unusually high.

"Uncle Ern and La Fong weren't alarmed by a little snow, but one time it closed in on them and all they could see was white until they stumbled into the side of a cabin.

"There was a stove inside so they knew they wouldn't freeze, but they also realized there was no escaping the fate of men who are trapped without food in the Great North Woods.

"They cooked and ate their leather belts and shoes first. Then they

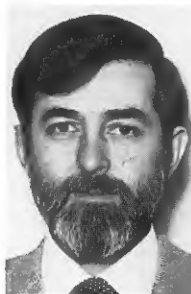
gnawed the underbark off some birch logs. Uncle Ern said he was afraid to go to sleep when there was absolutely nothing left to eat because of the hungry look in La Fong's eye."

Gramp Wiley paused for effect and nodded to himself grimly.

"But La Fong fell asleep and Uncle Ern ate him!" I cried.

Gramp shook his head. "Oh, no. The snow turned to rain and they were able to find their way out the same afternoon. Uncle Ern always swore it was the longest two hours he'd ever spent in his life."

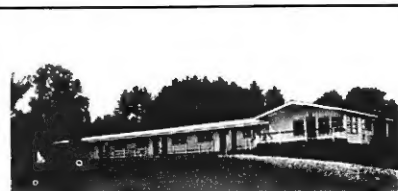
Robert Skoglund
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Robert Skoglund writes from his home at "The Center of the Universe," St. George, Maine. He can be heard on National Public Radio, and is available for M.C. and dinner speaking engagements.



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Notes From Brookfield Farm

by Jack Barnes

MAINTAINING THE CYCLE OF LIFE

November is a time when rural New Englanders attend to the last-minute tasks before the drab world, bereft of the flamboyant colors of early autumn, is transformed by snow. It is a whiteness only equalled by the exquisite Taj Mahal as the moon rises over the Jumna River.

All afternoon, I have been raking leaves fallen from an assortment of deciduous trees that line an ancient wall erected by some work-worshipping Calvinist farmer when he cleared this land centuries ago. The oaks, maples, ashes, birches, and wild cherry trees stand naked against a gray sky. Raking their bothersome leaves is a task to which I've become inured.

At Brookfield Farm, the leaves are gathered up and put around the raspberries for fertilizer and mulch. All spring and summer these leaves were nourished by the leaves of previous years; now, like all organic matter that is left to itself, they will provide nourishment for new life in spring.

Perhaps it was time spent living in remote rural areas of Japan that impressed upon me the miraculous cycle of life. The Japanese farmer wastes not a scrid of straw nor any food. All organic matter is meticulously collected and recycled into the earth. In India, however, too much of the manure from thirteen million cows becomes fuel for the cookstove and too little is fed into the impoverished soil. Japan's yield per acre is four times India's.

Leaves are but one organic matter recycled at Brookfield. Although little more than thirty acres, our farm has sufficient woodland so that we are not affected by soaring fuel prices. Our cellar and other storage areas are piled high with wood—wood that will provide warmth during the harshest winter

days, energy to heat the cold water pumped from our 150-year-old well. With wood we will bake beans on a Saturday and simmer large kettles of stew to be canned for future use.

At least once a week I have to remove the ashes from the kitchen stove and furnace. My asparagus beds, rhubarb, iris, jonquils, daffodils and tulips have all received a generous portion of ashes. This year all my potatoes were planted in a field where wood ashes and some sheep manure had been thoroughly harrowed into the soil. My onions and leeks receive a generous portion each June.

With the rising cost of phosphates, wood ashes have become a marvellous substitute. They contain quantities of potash and trace elements from aluminum to zirconium. Wood ash solids or metal oxides react with acidic soil; thus they serve as a soil neutralizer.

Of course, one must make certain that there are no live coals still smoldering among the ashes. A stiff wind can send sparks and hot coals flying in every direction. More than one catastrophic fire has resulted in my area because of irresponsible dumping of ashes.

Since I keep poultry and a small flock of sheep, I mix manure with the ashes to provide the good nitrogen so necessary for most crops. Whenever I have ashes and manure to spare, I spread them over my hayfield. I find that manure and ashes give me the good balance of ele-

ments that no commercial fertilizer can match.

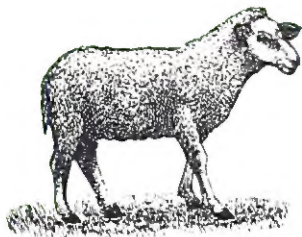
One of the last tasks that must be completed before the frigid breath of winter freezes the top layers of the earth is to tuck my strawberry plants snugly away in hay for the winter. In the spring, the hay will be raked away from the plants and used for mulch around tomatoes, eggplants, cucumbers and melons. Shavings and bark mulch the grapevines and fruit trees.

When Brookfield Farm ultimately becomes locked in the firm grip of winter (it is 25 degrees below zero on the November day of this writing), it is gratifying to know that the two freezers, the canning shelves, the vegetable cellar are filled with home-grown vegetables, fruit, and meat. A barn stacked high with sweet-scented hay and clover and an ample supply of good, dry wood put the finishing touches on a winter idyll. I can now settle down to catch up on my reading and writing with a tremendous feeling of satisfaction from a degree of independence achieved through good, hard labor and much recycling of Nature's elements.

All that is born from the soil returns to be reborn—the Taoist "yin" and "yang"—and so the remarkable cycle of life continues to revolve. And each year we are rewarded with a bountiful harvest.

Jack Barnes photo taken at Brookfield Farm





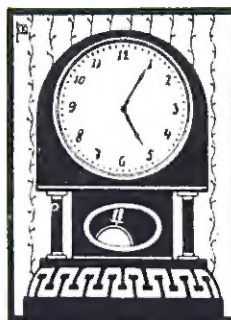
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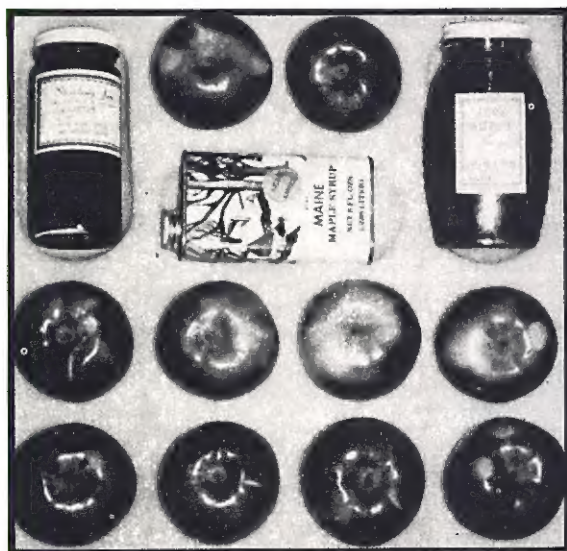
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